

PYGMALION



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The growing Hopes of all his future Joy;*

*But kneeling still, his outstretch'd Arms betray
His ardent Wish to clasp the lovely Maid.*

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Shelley 1107

P Y G M A L I O N,

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A P O E M.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

J. J. R O U S S E A U.

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A. P. O. M.

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TO MISS HODGES.

MADAM,

THE Pleasure which I received, from seeing the Representation of ROUSSEAU'S PYGMALION, at the temporary Theatre, erected by Lord Villers at Boulney, left on my Mind so strong an Impression, that, after frequent readings, I could not forbear attempting a poetical Version of it into English.

As that Pleasure arose chiefly from the elegant and tender Sweetness, which you display'd in the Person of his "GALATHÉE," You must be considered as the Principal Occasion of the following Poem; and are therefore intreated to give it your Protection.

The charming Dignity, the attractive Loveliness of your Figure, fully justified, in the Opinion of every Spectator present, the Passion of PYGMALION, even for the supposed Statue; while the inimitable Action, the ardent Expression, and the eloquent Enthusiasm of MR. TEXIER, seemed to deserve from the Deities a Miracle in his Favor.

Recollect, Madam, that you then received from PYGMALION, imaginary Life; you have now an Opportunity infinitely to overpay the Obligation: Your Approbation, will not only confer Life on PYGMALION, but may render him immortal.

I am,

MADAM,

Your most respectful and obedient Servant,


The AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the introductory Part of the following Poem,

I have in Conformity to the Original, represented PYGMALION the Sculptor as King of Tyre: Tho' it seems to be settled on unquestionable Authority, that he was a very different Personage, and lived at Cyprus, four hundred Years before the Tyrian Monarch of that Name.

As this Translation was intended only for the Closet, I have reduced into Narrative such Descriptions of the Scene, Action, &c. as served to embellish the theatrical Performance, and have likewise made some small Additions, which I thought not improper, to introduce, and illustrate the Story.

 For the Entertainment of those Readers who understand French, I have ordered the Original to be printed at the Bottom of each Page.

P Y G M A L I O N,

A P O E M.

OF old, when Merit might secure a Name,
When Princes deign'd to found on Arts their Fame ;
When gen'rous Patrons, humble Genius rais'd,
Themselves the Rivals of the Skill they prais'd ;
PYGMALION then the Tyrian Sceptre sway'd,
And genuine Worth, both cherish'd, and display'd :
To such fam'd Height the Sculptor's Art he brought,
That the shap'd Marble seem'd endu'd with Thought ;
Each growing Effort so his Genius warm'd,
That, Nature past, the heav'nly Pow'rs he form'd :

B

O'er

O'er the carv'd Stone such awful Grace he threw,
 So did he bring th' imagin'd God to View,
 That thence Religion firmer Sanction drew *.

Here Jupiter, with Frown terrific hurl'd,
 His mimic Thunder, o'er a trembling World;
 There, light-wing'd Mercury, prepar'd to fly,
 Already seem'd to cleave the distant Sky;
 In heav'nly Charms, here Venus stood confest,
 Bright, as when newly by the Graces drest;
 But so her Beauty beam'd celestial Fire,
 That Adoration vanquish'd all Desire.

---No longer now, on Things sublime intent,
 To more familiar Aims his Mind he bent:
 He form'd a Nymph so exquisitely fair,
 That all existing Beauty center'd there:
 Each sep'rate Charm dispers'd through Womankind,
 In this one Paragon were seen combin'd:

* Quintilian, speaking of the Statues of Minerva, at Athens; and of Jupiter Olympius in Elis; has this Expression: "cujus pulchritudo adjecisse aliquid etiam receptæ Religioni videtur; adeo Majestas operis Deum æquavit.

QUINTILIAN, lib. xii. cap. 10.

There

There, such soft Grace, such sweet Attraction shone,
 That all his heav'nly Models seem'd outdone :
 His lofty Hall the charming Object grac'd,
 On circling Steps of polish'd Iv'ry plac'd :
 How did the lovely Figure charm his Sight !
 All Day his Wonder, and his Dream at Night !
 Still as he gaz'd, his Admiration grew,
 Still fresh Delight crown'd each repeated View,
 Its matchless Excellence was all his Joy,
 And conscious Fame did his full Soul employ.

The long-suspended Task he now resumes,
 And to new Flights his eager Fancy plumes :
 But ah ! the Sketches all unfinish'd lie,
 As oft he paus'd, and often turn'd his Eye ;
 No more the glowing Traits of Life appear,
 His GALATEA, now, absorb'd his Care :
 (For so the Nymph he nam'd) his weary Toil
 Still gazing there, PYGMALION would beguile :
 And while his GALATEA blest his Sight,
 All other Studies were neglected quite.

At length, he hid the fascinating Charm,
 Which thus cou'd all his boasted Pow'rs disarm;
 An azure Curtain richly wrought with Gold,
 Fell all around, in many a waving Fold:
 He thought, unseen, 'twou'd be forgotten too,
 And undisturb'd, his Art he might pursue:
 How vain his Hope from thence to find Relief!
 He feels an absent Lover's pining Grief:
 Still on his Nymph, and her alone, intent,
 He felt the Pang, but knew not what it meant:
 Each new-attempted Model, mocks his Pains,
 And still a rough, mishapen Mass, remains:
 'Till, all discourag'd, with unsettled Look
 He gaz'd around, and thus desponding spoke;

“Still

PYGMALION, SCENE LYRIQUE.

LE Théâtre représente un atelier de sculpteur, sur les côtés on voit des blocs de marbre, dans le fond est une statue cachée sous un pavillon d'une étoffe légère et brillante, ornée de capucines et de guirlandes.

Pigmalion assis et accoudé, rêve dans l'attitude d'un homme inquiet et triste, puis se levant tout-à-coup, il prend sur un table les outils de son art, va donner par intervalles quelques coups de ciseau sur quelques unes de ses ébauches, se recule, et regarde d'un œil mécontent et découragé.

" Still, must I view those dull unmeaning Forms ?
 No Life, no Soul, the labour'd Marble warms - - -
 Ah ! whither is my wonted Genius flown,
 Which, once, cou'd deify the breathing Stone ?
 Extinguish'd now, is all my former Fire,
 And my chill Fancy dares no more aspire ;
 No more the speaking, living Grace, commands ;
 But the cold Image, lifeless, leaves my Hands.
 PYGMALION ! shape no more the sacred Shrine ;
 Thy Skill is all too mean for Things divine !
 And ye, base Implements ! which damn my Fame,
 Away, away, nor bring me further Shame !

Alas ! what am I ? what this sudden Change ?
 From what dark Cause, can spring Effects so strange ?

C

Oh !

P I G M A L I O N .

Il n'y a point la d'ame ni de vie, ce n'est que de la pierre ; je ne ferai jamais rien de tout cela

O ! mon génie, où es tu ! mon talent, qu'es tu devenu !
 Tout mon feu s'est éteint, mon imagination s'est glacée, le marbre fort froid de mes
 mains ; Pigmalion, ne fais plus des dieux, tu n'es qu'un vulgaire artiste vils
 instrumens qui n'êtes plus ceux de ma gloire, allez ne deshonorez point mes mains.

(Il jette avec dédain ses outils, puis il se promène quelque tems en rêvant.)

Oh! Tyre! blest City, Seat of Pow'r and State!

In Wealth, in Elegance, supremely great!

Thy matchless Monuments of wond'rous Art,

No more, maintain their Empire e'er my Heart:

Loft, the Delight, which with congenial Glow,

Did still on Merit, worthy Praise bestow:

Irkfome, to me, the skilful, and the wise;

Dull, the gay Tints of Nature's varying Dyes;

Harsh, the smooth Verse which shall for Ages roll;

Nor Praise, nor Glory, elevate my Soul.

The Elogies of those, who thence shall claim

The lasting Honours of immortal Fame;

No more affect me: Nought my Soul can warm,

E'en Friendship's self seems void of ev'ry Charm.

And you, ye youthful Objects! Nature's Pride!

Whose Graces did my daring Fancy guide;

Whom

Que ne suis je devenu? quelle étrange révolution s'est faite en moi? Tir ville opulente et superbe, les monumens des arts dont tu brilles, ne m'attirent plus, j'ai perdu le goût que je prenois à les admirer, le commerce des artistes et des philosophes me devient insipide, l'entretien des peintres et des poètes est sans attrait pour moi, la louange et la gloire n'élèvent plus mon ame, les éloges de ceux qui en recevront de la postérité ne me touchent plus, l'amitié même a perdu pour moi ses charmes.

Whom Pleasure fondly bade me still pursue,
 And ev'ry Look, and ev'ry Motion view :
 From whose dear Steps, I scarcely cou'd depart,
 While Love, and Genius, both inflam'd my Heart :
 My charming Models ! since these Hands have made
 A Form more perfect, - - - - all your Beauties fade.

Fix'd, rooted here, by some strange secret Pow'r,
 In listless Toil I waste each languid Hour :
 To ev'ry Group, to every Figure rove,
 Tho' joyless here, unwilling hence to move :
 No longer mine, the great the glorious Art,
 Which cou'd to Stone, a seeming Life impart ;
 These timid Sketches, shapeless still, remain,
 Which still I strive to form, and strive in vain.

'Tis

Et vous jeunes objets, chef d'œuvres de la nature que mon art osoit imiter, et sur les pas desquels les plaisirs m'attiroient sans cesse, vous mes charmans modeles qui mémbraiez à la fois des feux de l'amour et du génie, depuis que je vous ai surpassés, vous m'êtes tous indifférens.

(Il s'assied, et contemple tout au tour de lui.)

Retenu dans cet atelier par un charme inconcevable, je n'y fais rien faire, et je ne puis m'en éloigner. J'erre de groupe en groupe, de figure en figure ; mon ciseau foible, incertain ne reconnoit plus son guide ; ces ouvrages grossiers restés à leur timide ébauche ne sentent plus la main qui jadis les eut animés.

'Tis o'er, 'tis o'er --- extinct my Genius lies,
 And e'en while Youth remains, my Talent flies : ---
 But what this Heat which thus my Soul devours,
 And thro' my Frame it's burning Influence pours !
 Just then, when drooping Genius faint expires,
 Is't possible to feel such active Fires ?
 Such bursting Passions, as my Bosom tear,
 Which baffle Reason, and invite Despair !

Left hap'ly, my own Work too much admir'd,
 Has this distracted State of Mind inspir'd,
 No longer, to my ravish'd View reveal'd,
 Behind this friendly Veil it rests conceal'd.

These

(Il se leve impétueusement.)

Cén est fait ; cé n'est fait, j'ai perdu mon génie si jeune encore je survis à mon talent

Mais quelle est donc cette ardeur interne qui me dévore ? qu'ai-je en moi qui semble m'embraser ? quoi dans la langueur d'un génie éteint, sent-on ces émotions sent-on ces élans des passions impétueuses, cette inquiétude insurmontable et dont je ne puis deviner la cause ?

J'ai craint que l'admiration de mon propre ouvrage ne causât la distraction que j'apportois à mes travaux, je l'ai caché sous ce voile mes profanes mains ont osé couvrir le monument de leur gloire depuis que je ne le vois plus je suis plus triste,

These Hands have then with bold Presumption dar'd
 To hide their brightest Glory, best Reward !
 And yet, I find this forc'd Concealment vain,
 No Aid to Genius, nor Relief from Pain.

This Work whose Praise to latest Time shall roll,
 How dear, how precious to my wounded Soul !
 When my worn Mind shall nothing great design,
 Nought beauteous, graceful, worthy to be mine ;
 What once I form'd, shall be my constant Theme ;
 My GALATEA shall my Fame redeem ----
 — Of ev'ry other Blessing dispossess,
 Dear GALATEA ! thou shalt give me Rest.

D

But

et ne suis pas plus attentif. Qu'il va m'être cher, qu'il va m'être précieux cet immortel ouvrage ! quand mon esprit éteint ne produira rien de grand, de beau, de digne de moi, je montrerai ma Galathée et je dirai, voilà ce que fit autrefois Pigmalion.

O ! ma chère Galathée ! quand j'aurai tout perdu, tu me resteras et je serai consolé.

(Il s'approche du pavillon, puis se retire, va, vient, et s'arrête quelque fois à la regarder en soupirant.)

But why conceal it from my longing Eyes?
 What Hope of Comfort can from thence arise?
 Unable now, my Talent to pursue,
 Why hide it's noblest Effort from my View?
 Some slight Defect, unnotic'd yet, may rest,
 Some latent Grace may sue to be exprest,
 Somewhat I still may add to her Attire,
 Nought should be left for Fancy to desire.
 Then let me trace it's Beauties o'er and o'er,
 And ev'ry Charm and ev'ry Fault explore;
 While such Perfections with my Genius strive,
 The pleasing Contest may my Skill revive;
 I must once more examine - - - ah! retire,
 As yet thou hast but ventur'd to admire.

What

Mais pourquoi la cacher? qu'est ce que j'y gagne? réduit à l'oisiveté, pourquoi m'oter le plaisir de contempler la plus belle de mes œuvres? peut être y reste-t-il quelque défaut que je n'ai pas remarqué; peut être pourrai je encore ajouter quelque ornement à sa parure; aucune grace imaginable ne doit manquer à un objet si charmant.... peut être cet objet ranimera-t-il mon imagination languissante; il la faut revoir, l'examiner de nouveau: que dis je? eh! je l'ai point encore examinée; je n'ai fait jusque ici que l'admirer....

(Il va pour lever le voile, et le laisse retomber comme effrayé.)

What strange Emotion does my Bosom prove,
 When I attempt this Curtain to remove !
 A sudden Tremor seizes ev'ry Vein ;
 I seem to violate some sacred Fane ---
 PYGMALION ! --- 'tis mere Marble --- 'tis a Stone,
 Beneath thy forming Hands, a Statue grown.
 What then ? --- within our Temples are enshrin'd,
 Gods which myself have form'd, of self same Kind."

He, now, aside the azure Curtain drew ---
 The beauteous Image, stands reveal'd to View :
 With sudden Impulse, on his Knees he falls,
 And in soft Accents, on the Statue calls ---

Oh!

Je ne fais quelle émotion j'éprouve en touchant ce voile ; la frayeur me saisit ; je crois toucher au sanctuaire de quelque divinité ; Pigmalion ! c'est une pierre, c'est ton ouvrage qu'importe ? on sert des dieux dans nos temples, qui ne sont point d'une autre nature, et n'ont pas été faits d'un autre main

(Il leve le voile en tremblant et se prosterne ; on voit la statue de Galathée posée sur un pied d'estal fort petit, mais exhaussé par un gradin de marbre, formé de quelques marches circulaires.)

“ Oh ! GALATEA ! let me then adore ---
 Meaning to make thee Nymph, I've made thee more :
 That Face, that Form, the Goddess all declare ;
 Not Venus self, was ever half so fair.

O ! Vanity ! thou Weakness of Mankind !
 Untir'd I gaze on what myself design'd ;
 'Tis mere Self-love does all my Soul invade,
 I praise myself, in what myself have made :
 - - - From Nature, nought so lovely cou'd proceed ;
 This does the Efforts of the Gods exceed.

And from these Hands, such Beauty ? - - - 'tis too much !
 Have then these Hands profanely dar'd to touch ?

And

O Galathée ! recevez mes hommages ; oui je me suis trompé ; j'ai voulu vous faire
 nymphe, et je vous ai fait déesse, Venus même est moins belle que vous

Vanité, foiblesse humaine, je ne puis me lasser d'admirer mon ouvrage ; je m'engure
 d'amour propre, je m'adore dans ce que j'ai fait non jamais rien de si beau né
 parut dans la nature, j'ai surpassé l'ouvrage des dieux

Quoi tant de beautés sortent de mes mains ! mes mains les ont donc touchées

And have these Lips with wanton Ardour prest,

The mimic Softness of that snowy Breast ?

PYGMALION - - - - - ah ! I now a Fault perceive,

Th' injurious Error let me quick retrieve ;

Too much is by the flowing Robe conceal'd,

The Charms it covers should be more reveal'd.

What Fear, what Terror does my Mind appall !

And where then shall the dubious Weapon fall ?

I cannot - - - dare not - - - oh ! my trembling Soul !

One rash, one hasty Stroke, may spoil the whole ! - - -

At length resolv'd, one gentle Stroke he made ;

Then starting back, affrighted, and dismay'd, - - -

E

“ Ah !

ma bouche à donc pu Pigmalion ! je vois un défaut ; le vêtement couvre trop le nud ; il faut l'échancrer d'avantage ; les charmes qu'il recèle doivent être mieux annoncés.

(Il prend son maillet et son ciseau, puis s'avancant lentement, il monte en hésitant les gradins de la statue qu'il semble n'oser toucher ; enfin le ciseau déjà levé, il s'arrête.)

Quel tremblement ? quel trouble ! je tiens le ciseau d'une main mal assurée . . . je ne puis je n'ose je gèterai tout.

(Il s'encourage, et enfin présentant son ciseau, il donne un seul coup, et saisi d'effroi, il le laisse tomber en poussant un grand cri.)

“ Ah ! dire portent ! methought the Bosom rose,
And trembling, panting, shunn'd my rigid Blows.

'Tis sure a Goddess ! --- me the Gods deter,
And their own Honours vindicate in her :
What wou'dst thou alter ? what new Charms bestow ?
Her only Faults from her Perfection flow :
Celestial Form ! with less attractive Pow'r,
Nought had been wanting to endear thee more.

Yet more is wanting ---- a pure vital Flame,
To warm, to animate thy lovely Frame : ----
How must that Soul in brightest Worth excel,
In such a beauteous Body doom'd to dwell ! ----

What

Dieux ! je sens la chair palpitante repousser le ciseau.

(Il redescend, tremblant, et confus ;)

non . . . je n'y toucherai point ; les Dieux m'épouvantent, sans doute, elle est déjà
consacrée à leur rang . . .

(Il la considère de nouveau.)

Que veux tu changer ? regarde ; quels nouveaux charmes veux tu lui donner ? . . .
ah ! c'est sa perfection qui fait son défaut . . . divine Galathée ! moins parfaite, il ne te
manqueroit rien . . .

(tendrement.)

Mais il le manque une ame ta figure ne peut s'en passer.

What Wishes do I form! --- what wild Desires!
 Oh! Heav'n! --- th' Illusion all at once retires ---
 Within my Heart, the gloomy Prospect lies,
 Which to behold, I must myself despise. ----

To what a Passion is my Soul resign'd!
 Here, by a lifeless Object, thus confin'd!
 A Mass of Marble, an obdurate Stone,
 Wrought, fashion'd, finish'd, by this Steel alone!
 Ah! wretched Wand'rer! to thyself return;
 Lament thy Folly, thy Distraction mourn!

But

(avec plus d'attendrissement encore.)

Que l'ame faite pour animer un tel corps doit être belle!

(Il s'arrête longs tems, puis retournant s'asseoir, il dit d'une voix lente, et changée.)

Quel desir osai-je former! quels vœux insensés! qu'est-ce que je sens! o ciel! le voile de l'illusion tombe, et je n'ose voir dans mon cœur; j'aurois trop à m'en indigner.

(longue pose dans un profond accablement.)

Voilà donc la noble passion qui m'égare; c'est donc pour cet objet inanimé que je n'ose sortir d'ici un marbre! une pierre! une masse informe et dure travaillée avec ce fer insensé, rentre en toi-même! gémis sur toi! vois ton erreur, vois ta folie

But no - - - my perfect Sense I still retain ;
 Not yet has Madness shook my steady Brain :
 No Self-reproach shall yet my Bosom wound,
 Nor thoughtless Passion thus my Mind confound :
 'Tis not that lifeless Marble which inspires,
 My captive Soul with these inflam'd Desires :
 It is some real Being, which I prize,
 Like that, which now enchants my ravish'd Eyes :
 'Tis but the Figure, which my Fancy warms ;
 Th' ideal Fabric of existing Charms :
 And oh ! where'er such Loveliness be plac'd,
 Whatever Body with such Charms be grac'd,

By

mais non

(impétueusement.)

non, je n'ai point perdu le sens ; non, je n'extravague point ; non, je ne me reproche rien ;
 ce n'est point de ce marbre mort dont je suis épris ; c'est d'un être vivant qui lui ressemble ;
 c'est de la figure qu'il offre à mes yeux : en quelque lieu que soit cette figure admirable,
 quelques corps qui la porte, et quelque main qui l'ai fait, elle aura tous les vœux de
 mon cœur ; oui, ma seule folie est de discerner sa beauté ; mon seul crime est d'y être

By whatsoever Hand such Form be made,
 To such Perfection still, my Heart's best Vows be paid ---
 If Folly this, those Beauties must reveal;
 My only Crime, is all their Force to feel:
 There's nought in this, that Reason's self can blame,
 Nor aught, that Pride can apprehend from Shame.—

That Object, seems to dart a living Fire,
 T' inflame my Sense, and kindle fierce Desire!
 It's vivid Flashes round my Vitals play,
 And thence returning, draw my Soul away ----
 --- Alas! it cold, and motionless, remains,
 Deaf to my Vows, and reckless of my Pains;
 While my swol'n Heart does in my Bosom heave,
 And for that Breast, it's Mansion longs to leave ---

F

What

sensible; il n'y a rien là dont je doive rougir . . .

(moins vivement, mais toujours avec passion.)

Quels traits de feu semblent sortir de cet objet pour embraser mes sens, et retourner avec mon ame à leur source! hélas! il reste immobile et froid, tandis que mon cœur embrasé par ses charmes, voudroit quitter mon corps pour aller échauffer le sien . . . je crois dans mon délire pouvoir m'élancer hors de moi; je crois pouvoir lui donner ma vie et l'animer de mon ame . . . ah! que Pigmalion meure pour vivre dans Galathée . . .

What Rapture, cou'd my Spirit take it's Flight,
 And fondly with that lovely Form unite!
 Leave this cold Corse, at GALATEA's Feet,
 And to her Charms impart it's vital Heat!
 What do I say? Oh! Gods! if this cou'd be,
 I should no more the heav'nly Beauty see ---
 I cou'd not wish her then, my vital Flame : ---
 Let me be still another, not the same ---
 Oh! let me ever, thus transported gaze,
 Still wish, for her to yield my future Days;
 Behold her still, and still enamour'd prove,
 The visionary Blessing of her Love.

Oh! Torment! empty Wishes, vain Defires!
 Rage, hopeless, dreadful Love, my Spirit fires;

By

que dis-je? o ciel! si j'étois elle je ne la verrois pas; je ne serois pas celui qui l'anime;
 non, que ma Galathée vive et que je ne fois pas elle, que je fois toujours un autre pour
 vouloir être elle, pour la voir, pour l'aimer, pour en être aimé.

(avec transport)

Tourmens, vœux, desirs, rage, impuissance, amour terrible, amour funeste; ah!
 tout l'enfer est dans mon cœur aigité . . . Dieux puissans, Dieux bienfaisans, Dieux du
 peuple, qui connûtes les passions des hommes! ah! vous avez tant fait de prodiges pour

By some infernal Pow'r I seem possess'd ;
 All Hell now burns within my tortur'd Breast --
 ---- Ye Deities! who all our Passions know,
 All gracious Gods! your Pity here bestow! ---
 Oft have ye deign'd reverse your mighty Laws,
 And Miracles vouchsaf'd, on slightest Cause ----
 View that bright Form! — my bleeding Heart survey —
 Be just — and merit your acknowledg'd Sway!

And thou, sublimest Essence! still conceal'd
 From Sense, and only to the Heart reveal'd;
 Soul of the Universe, first Cause of all
 That lives, and moves around this earthly Ball;
 Who, by attractive Love, dost rule the Strife
 Of jarring Elements, and fill with Life

Matter's

de moindres causes! voyez cet objet, voyez mon cœur, foyez justes et meritez vos autels.

(avec un enthousiasme plus pathétique)

Et toi sublime essence, qui te caches aux sens, et te fais sentir au cœur, ame de l'univers! principe de toute existence, toi qui par l'amour donnes l'harmonie aux éléments, la vie à la matiere, le sentiment aux corps, et la forme à tous les êtres, feu sacré,

Matter's dull Weight ; who giv'ft to Body, Mind ;
 And diff'rent Forms, to Beings of each Kind ;
 Celestial Venus ! pure ethereal Fire !
 Who, by thy genial Warmth, doft all inspire ;
 Doft bid the paffing World, itfelf reftore ;
 Where is thy equal, all-fuftaining Pow'r ?
 Where thy expanfve Force, thy fteady Law,
 To which all Nature yields implicit Awe ?
 Where thy creative Heat, in this Defire,
 Thefe barren Wifhes, which my Soul inspire ?
 Thy Flames remain concentr'd in my Breaft,
 While Cold and Death, upon that Marble reft :
 Thro' mere Excefs of burning Life, I die,
 Which, to that Form, might welcome Life fupply :

I ask

céleste Venus, par qui tout l'univers fe conſerve et ſe reproduit ſans ceſſe ; ah ! ou eſt ton équilibre ?

Où eſt ta force expanſive ; où eſt la loi de la nature dans le ſentiment que j'éprouve ; où eſt ta chaleur vivifiante dans l'inanité de mes vain deſirs ? Tous tes feux ſont concentrés dans mon cœur, et le froid et la mort reſtent ſur ce marbre, je pérís par l'excès

I ask no Prodigy, to heal my Woe,
 From real Prodigies my Sorrows flow :
 Nature's establish'd Order is destroy'd,
 And now, at first, she feels an hated Void :
 Thine Empire, to its wonted Laws restore,
 And, in due Course, thy genial Influence pour !
 Thy mighty System still is incomplete :
 In Life, and Love, two Beings long to meet :
 Betwixt them, part this Flame, which one devours,
 And wrongs the other of its noblest Pow'rs :
 - - - 'Twas thou thyself, who didst those Charms design,
 Thou, by my Hand, didst form that Shape divine :
 How would such lovely Grace, thy Glory shew,
 Wouldst thou but Life and Sentiment bestow !

G

Oh,

de vie qui lui manque ; hélas ! je n'attends point un prodige ; il existe, il doit cesser, l'ordre est troublé ; la nature est outragée. Rends ton empire à ses loix, rétablis son cour bienfaisant et verse également ta divine influence : oui, deux êtres manquent à la plénitude des choses ; partage leur cette ardeur dévorante qui consume l'un sans animer l'autre. C'est toi qui formas par ma main ces charmes et ces traits qui n'attendent que le sentiment et la vie, donne lui la moitié de la mienne, donne lui tout s'il le faut, il me suffiroit de vivre en elle ; oh ! toi qui daignes souscrire aux hommages des mortels, ce qui ne sent rien ne t'honore pas, étends ta gloire avec tes œuvres, Déesse de la beauté,

Oh, give it Life! transfer the half of mine,
 Transfer it all! my Soul, I here resign!
 - - - Oh, thou! who to our Vows dost gracious bend,
 To suppliant Mortals still a willing Friend,
 Deign, with thy Works, thy Glory to increase,
 And bid this deep Affront on Nature, cease:
 Goddess of Beauty! thou her Wrongs redress,
 Nor let a Statue brighter Charms express,
 Than all her living Beauties can possess!

- - - What sudden Calm! - - - my Senses I resume - - -
 A deadly Fever did my Frame consume - - -
 Now, gentle Hope, in balmy Current flows
 Throughout my Veins, and a new Life bestows.

Thus

epargne cet affront à la nature, qu'un si parfait modele soit l'image de ce qui n'est pas.

(Il revient à lui par degrés avec un mouvement d'assurance et de joie.)

Je reprends mes sens; quel calme inattendu quel courage inespéré me ranimé! une fièvre mortelle embrasait mon sang, un baume de confiance et despoir coule dans mes veines, je crois me sentir renâître.

Thus does the Thought of our dependent State,
Our Griefs affuage, and lessen Sorrow's Weight :
Tho' all around, unnumber'd Ills increafe,
We but invoke the Gods, and taste of Peace - - -

But, e'en fond Hope, it's soothing Aid denies,
Where senseless Wishes from Presumption rise :
Alas ! to Pray'rs so wild, so mad as mine,
No pitying Pow'r can e'er its Ear incline :
Such visionary Hopes, more Folly shew
Than those absurd Desires, from which they flow : - - -
- - - What airy Phantom does my Heart pursue !
My Soul recoiling, shuns the shameful View - - -
When tow'rd's that fatal Form I strive to turn
My longing Eyes, I feel my Bosom burn

With

Ainsi le sentiment de notre dépendance sert quelquefois à notre consolation ; quelque malheureux que soient les mortels, quand ils ont invoqué les dieux ils sont plus tranquilles

Mais cette injuste confiance trompe ceux qui font des vœux insensés hélas ! en l'état où je suis on invoque tout et rien ne nous écoute ; l'espoir qui nous absorbe est plus insensé que le desir, honteux de tant d'égaremens, je n'ose plus même en contempler la cause ; quand je veux lever les yeux sur cet objet fatal, je sens un nouveau

With a new Fire : I draw my Breath with Pain,
While boding Fears the rash Attempt restrain - - -
Nay, Wretch ! let Courage firm thy Sinews brace,
And dauntless, dare a sculptur'd Stone to face ! - - -

Ye Gods ! what saw I ? What did I perceive ?
What heav'nly Vision did my Sense deceive ?
The pallid Marble bright in Beauty's Bloom !
Those beauteous Eyes an humid Light assume !
Deep in my Heart, I felt the lambent Ray - - -
I saw those Limbs in gentle Motion play.

- - - 'Twas not enough, that flatt'ring Hope inspir'd
Too warm a Wish, for what I most desir'd - - -

To

trouble, une palpitation me suffoque, une secrete frayeur m'arrête.

(ironie amere)

eh, regarde malheureux ; deviens intrépide, ose fixer une statue !

(Il la voit s'animer, il se détourne saisi deffroi, et le cœur saisi de douleur.)

Qu'ai-je vu ! Dieux ! qu'ai je cru voir ! le coloris des chairs, un feu dans les yeux,
des mouvemens même ce n'étoit pas assez d'esperer-le prodige, pour comble de

To crown my Suff'rings, new Delusions rise,
And unsubstantial Visions mock my Eyes.

Unfortunate ! no Comfort then remains ;
Thy Madness now, it's full Ascendant gains !
Not only, is thy native Genius flown,
But e'en thy small Remains of Reason gone - - -
On this Account, I no Regret can feel,
The Loss of Reason will my Shame conceal - - -

- - - That, painted Dreams his Anguish should remove,
Who rashly dar'd a senseless Stone to love,
Is Bliss too great for such a Wretch to prove."

H PYGMALION !

de malheur, enfin je l'ai vu

(excès d'accablement)

Infortuné c'en est donc fait ton délire est à son terme ta raison t'abandonne ainsi que ton génie ne la regrette pas ; ô Pygmalion ! sa perte couvrira ton opprobre

(vive indignation)

il est trop heureux pour l'amant d'une pierre, de devenir homme à vision.

(Il se tourne, et voit la statue se mouvoir et descendre elle même le gradins par lesquels il a monté sur le pied d'estal ; il se jett. à genoux et leve le yeux et les mains au ciel.)

PYGMALION, thus----while his disorder'd Breast,
 Love, Sorrow, Rage, and Shame, by Turns, posselt :
 His Spirit sinks beneath a Load of Grief,
 He dares not ask, he dares not hope Relief.
 Still, deep-imprinted on his Mind, remains,
 The fatal Cause of all his bitter Pains.

- - - When Mariners, who Seas untry'd explore,
 Some Island seen, row eager to the Shore ;
 There, the fresh Foliage cheers their gladden'd Sight ;
 Fruits, yet untasted, offer new Delight ;
 And, gliding down in many a gurgling Rill,
 The crystal Springs their empty Vessels fill :
 Sportive, along its Banks they pass the Day,
 'Till ebbing Waves forbid their longer Stay.

- - - If, haply, one by warmer Fancy led,
 Deep in the fragrant Wild his Way has sped ;
 Lur'd by the Scenes which greet his wond'ring Eyes,
 Where nameless Flow'rs unfold their various Dyes,
 And to the ambient Air their Sweets exhale,
 Shedding soft Perfume on each passing Gale :

- - - He

He penetrates the Grove's luxuriant Shade,
 Which Sol's bright Beams cou'd never yet pervade ;
 Now, sees wide Lawns their ample Verdure spread,
 Where never human Foot presum'd to tread ;
 While thro' the Plain, irregularly gay,
 The loit'ring Riv'let winds its wanton Way - - -
 There, distant Torrents down the rough Steep roar,
 And to the Western Sun, their Splendor pour,
 Till a smooth Lake receives the foaming Flood,
 And calmly leads it thro' the darksome Wood :
 - - - Entranc'd in Rapture, on the blissful Spot,
 The World, his Fellows, and himself forgot,
 To these romantic Visions all resign'd,
 The new-found Paradise absorbs his Mind ;
 'Till o'er the Scene Eve's dusky Mantle thrown,
 - - - Sudden he starts - - - he finds himself alone - - -
 Backward he hastens, his Associates calls - - -
 - - - A dead, still Silence, all his Soul appals - - -
 Now, dreading every Ill which can betide,
 He casts a Look across the Ocean wide,

Where

Where o'er the dancing Wave, the sinking Day
 In levell'd Radiance shoots a trembling Ray;
 Far on its Course, he sees the lessen'd Sail,
 Forc'd by the rising Surge, and fresh'ning Gale.
 Within the lone Elysium now confin'd,
 Debarr'd the social Joys of human kind,
 - - - Aghast he stands, amid the Solitude - - -
 Abhors each Charm, he late with Rapture view'd;
 And, while new Horrors round his Fancy rise,
 Complains unheard, and heaves unheeded Sighs. - - -
 - - - Desponding thus, all Hope dispers'd in Air,
 PYGMALION stood, a Prey to wild Despair,
 Now, tow'rs the Nymph his languid View he bends,
 - - - The living Beauty from her Place descends - - -
 " Oh! GALATEA! Venus! Gods above!
 Oh! blissful Omen of propitious Love!"

A rosy

Dieux immortels! Venus! Galathee! O prestige d'un amour forcené!

(Galathée le touche et dit)

A rosy Smile adorns her blooming Face,
 While sweet Confusion heightens ev'ry Grace;
 Onward she gently moves, yet seems to stay,
 As bashful Coyness checks her timid Way.
 - - - 'Twas now indeed, PYGMALION felt a Fire
 That fill'd his Soul with exquisite Desire:
 In Transport lost, he has no Pow'r to move,
 His Eyes alone express his ardent Love:
 He fears to speak, to breathe, lest he destroy
 The growing Hopes of all his future Joy;
 But kneeling still, his outstretch'd Arms betray'd
 His fervent Wish to clasp the lovely Maid - - -
 She stops: - - - each deeply panting Sigh she hears,
 And his keen Looks alarm her Virgin Fears - - -
 - - - At length, advancing, on his Arm she lays
 Her gentle Hand, and "ah! 'tis me" she says - - -
 Me! - - - scarce with breathless Transport he replies,
 Once, more, with melting Voice, "'tis me" she cries:

I

" Stay

(Galathée le touche et dit.)

Moi—

“ Stay, fond Illusion, which dost charm mine Ear,
 With such blest Sounds, oh ! stay for ever here !
 Be this delightful Dream ne’er banish’d hence,
 Oh ! never, never leave my ravish’d Sense !”
 She starts - - - and from him now her Course she bends,
 Now tow’rds a Marble Form her Hand extends,
 But soon withdraws it : there, no kindred Flames
 She feels - - - but “ oh ! this is not me,” exclaims :
 With discontented Eye, she now surveys
 Each Object round, and all unquiet strays ;
 PYGMALION following, ev’ry Step pursues
 And, fill’d with fond Suspense, each Motion views :

His

(Pigmalion transporté)

Moi—

(Galathée le touche encore.)

C’est moi

(Pigmalion)

Ravissante illusion qui passe jusqu’à mes oreilles ; ah ! n’abandonne jamais mes sens . . .

(Galathée fait encore quelques pas et touche un marbre.)

Ce n’est plus moi

(Pigmalion dans un transport qu’il a peine à contenir, suit tous ses mouvemens, l’écoute, observe avec une avide attention qui lui permet à peine de respirer.)

His beating Heart almost his Speech denies,
 As - - - " GALATEA !" - - - tenderly he cries :
 Caught by the Sound, the lovely fair one turns,
 Her Virgin Breast with mutual Passion burns ;
 Soft Streams of liquid Light illumine her Eye,
 And her warm Bosom breathes a balmy Sigh ;
 Sweet Extasy her melting Looks display,
 And frequent Blushes genuine Love betray - - -
 Her rosy Hand, with fond consenting Grace,
 'Twixt his uplifted Palms she deigns to place ;
 " Ah ! this again is me !" she sighing says,
 Her rosy Hand he to his Heart conveys,
 And to his raptur'd Bosom closely prest,
 She feels the throbbing Tumult in his Breast :
 His glowing Lips imprint a burning Kiss,
 He scarce supports th' intolerable Bliss - - -

„ Yes

Galathée ! - - -

(Galathée s'avance vers lui et le regarde avec extase, elle passe une main sur lui, il tressaillit, prend cette main, la porte à son cœur, puis la couvre d'ardens baisers.)

(Galathée avec un soupir.)

Ah ! encore moi

“ Yes, dear enchanting Glory of my Art,
 Life of my Life, and Partner of my Heart !
 Whose Merit cou’d the wond’ring Gods incline
 To let thee live, and let me call thee mine ;
 ’Tis thou alone ! I here my Soul bestow,
 And all my future Life from thee shall flow.”

PIG MALION.

Oui cher et charmant objet, toi digne chef-d’œuvre de mes mains, de mon cœur et des
 Dieux, c’est toi, c’est toi seule, je te donne tout mon être ; je ne vivrai plus que par toi.

F I N.

F I N I S.



